

resembling tapioca. This, I presume, is for the purpose of getting the seeds transported by the water without injury as they did not appear ripe. (However I am not sure that I would know a ripe seed if I were to see one). The plants grow in swampy areas and in the beginnings of small streams, the leaves attaining a much greater size than any that I was able to send. I think it would be safe to say that some are nearly three feet long.—MARY G. CLARK, San Francisco, Oct. 1, 1921.

HOOKER OAK

WALTER A. BUCKBEE

When bold Balboa, eagle eyed,
Stood on a peak in Darien,
And gazed upon that rolling tide,
Then I was old—old even then.

Wisdom the wind had whispered me,
And taught me of the restless things—
The bear with swaying head, the bee,
The pigeon with the whistling wings.

The cats come creeping from the rocks,
The lonely wolf to moon and mourn,
And black-tailed deer with muddy hocks,
To rub the velvet from the horn.

I hear a screaming in the dark;
The crackling and the thrash of brush,
And then a faint and far-off bark—
And then again—the forest hush.

Black in the moon the shadows wave,
I see them dancing two and two,
And which was shadow, which was brave,
Only I and the moon-man knew.

And now you come with giant plow
To spoil my poppy fields of gold.
When did you come and where and how?
I nodded a bit for I am old.

Etching the East like lines on lead,
Against the wind the wild geese climb,
As over the marsh and valley spread,
The cold grey fogs of winter time.

And now the big round sun appears;
The ants creep up my trunk again.
And so it was a thousand years
Before that day in Darien.